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NO. 2.

TRUE LOVELINESS.

She who thinks a noble heart,
Better than a noble mein,
Honors virtue more than art,
Though 'tis less than fashion seen ;
Whatso'er her fortune be,
She's the bride, the wife for me.

She who dreams that inward grace,
Far surpasses outward show ;
She who values less the face,
Than a charm the soul can throw,
Whatso'er her fortune be,
She's the bride, the wife for me.

She who knows the heart requires
Something more than lips of dew,
That when love's brief rose expires,
Love itself dies with it too ;
Whatso'er her fortune be,
She's the bride, the wife for me.

From the Flag of our Union.

THE OPPRESSED SEAMSTRESS.

A True Tale.

BY MRS. E. WELLMONT.

Some people seem to have an idea that they pay too much for everything, and it is a positive duty to employ those who will work the cheapest.

Mrs. Ellsworth lived very sumptuously, and her daughters dressed very elegantly. We won't call them extravagant, because people who have plenty of money are not obliged to give an account to their neighbors of their expenditures.—They were, however discussing this very subject themselves upon the damask lounges, when the servant man entered and presented the seamstress's bill. Such a nicely folded paper always attracted the family's attention, and having looked at the bottom and seen the amount, and exclaimed, "dear me! how high," they proceeded to examine the contents of the bundle which accompanied the bill.

"The work is done beautifully," said Miss Henrietta; "how superbly this lace is set on.—How superbly this is hemstitched. I declare, mother, I never mean to do any work myself again, it is so much better than I can make it look."

"But you forget," said the mother, "it costs a great deal to hire all our sewing for a large family, if it be done ever so cheap;" yet she felt herself that it was very pleasant to have garments made.

"I wonder," said Sophia, a tall, graceful girl of sixteen, to the little waiting seamstress in the entry, "what you would charge to make papa ten shirts? I have engaged to have them done by the first day of May, and it is so long a job, and so vexatious, I wish I could transfer them to you to finish."

The child was sent home to enquire of "her mother what she would charge to make ten shirts with full bosom hemstitched each side, and ruffled, of the nicest fabric, and workmanship to correspond."

The little girl returned and artlessly replied: "Mother says as how she shall charge a dollar; but if the young folks said they wouldn't give it, rather than lose the job, she would say seventy-five cents apiece!"

Amused with a simplicity which ought to have excited sympathy rather than merriment, Sophia pretended that seventy-five cents was all she expected to give; she had hoped to get them done for fifty cents. Mrs. Fuller gave only that; but she did not add Mrs. F.'s shirts were unbleached, and very common work was put in them. After some hesitancy she brought them down, and doing up a large bundle despatched it to the seamstress, adding:

"Now my poor head and my eyes are relieved." But let us see to whom this burden was transferred. The same seamstress once had a husband who was a prosperous merchant, but he speculated unwisely, died suddenly, and left a widow with two small children to grapple with the hard fate of poverty and the remembrance of "better days." They occupied but one room, and as her only employment was sewing, it was difficult to make both ends meet with the most untiring industry.

"Don't you think, mother," said the little Ellen, who brought home the work, "the young lady thought she ought to get the shirts made for fifty cents apiece. But, mother, she could not have known what a slow process it is to gather, and hemstitch, and ruffle, and do all the sewing just for half a week's rent, or she never would have said so."

The mother brushed a tear away. "No, child, she never sewed for a living!"

"And, mother, she told her sister that she was so glad to get rid of the tiring work, and she said that her father would never know but she did it all, and she would have fifty cents clear, on every shirt; what could she mean?"

Mrs. A. had heard of such deception before, but she cared not to inform her daughter that the young lady was probably to receive one dollar and a quarter for each shirt. She felt her business was only to finish the whole number as soon as possible.

She immediately set about the task of cutting them by the pattern, assorting them into piles and getting the plainer parts ready for Ellen to hem, as she was very nice in needle-work as far as she had learned the art—but it was always near "school-time," and the poor child but little relieved her mother.

It was at the season, too, when storms succeeded each other rapidly, and the heavens are often overcast, and as the tenement of the widow was badly lighted, it began to make sad havoc with her vision. Her eyes were weary from contin-

ued use, and when the long job was patiently accomplished, who could tell the aches and pains by which it was all the way attended! Miss Landon, speaking of such poor, has well said:

"We little think how wearily
The aching head lies down."

Long before the promised time Ellen carried home the ponderous bundle of ten shirts. Miss Sophia severely scrutinized them, pulled upon the ruffles, next looked at the gathers, then the stitching, and finally tossing them in a heap, added:

"Tell your mother they are worth no more than fifty cents, and I will give her that if she will receipt the bill."

The child returned with a heavy heart and imparted the information.

The seamstress wept—she looked every now and then at the portrait upon the wall.

"If he were but alive," said she, "I should have some protector from wrong usage." She could not but exclaim, "how my head does ache!" as she untied another budget of work; five dollars for ten shirts! I ought," thought she, "to better vindicate my rights—but they who oppress the poor have the worst of it. Here, Ellen dear, take this bill for making the shirts, and bring me back just what Sophia pleases to give, but say, mother has toiled very hard, early and late, upon them."

Ellen did so, and Sophia took her five dollars from her purse, adding:

"This is a great deal of money for poor people to spend—it will buy you a number of calico dresses."

"But mother's rent is due," said the child.

"Pho—rent is nothing—make your landlord trust you!" and so saying, she darted from the room.

The seamstress never closed her eyes that night. Think you no unseen eye will vindicate her true claim?

"Sophia Ellsworth," said Grace Eaton, where did you get that splendid fan? It is really elegant!"

"I saved it replied Sophia from money father gave me to make his shirts—but I hired them done at half price, and he never knows it to this day!"

Poor girl! Your fan should be used as a screen to hide the hard spot in your heart. Prosperity never long follows in the footsteps of oppression.

BLOWING OUT A CANDLE.—There is one small fact in domestic economy which is not generally known, but which is useful as saving time, trouble, and temper. If a candle be blown out holding it above you, the wick will not smoulder down, and may, therefore, be easily lighted again; but if blown upon downwards, the contrary is the case.

A spoilt child is an unfortunate victim, who proves the weakness of his parent's judgement much more forcibly than the strength of their affection.

THE SISTERS—A SKETCH FROM MEMORY.

In the year 18—, while seeking out neglected children in M— st. in order to bring them under Sabbath School influence, we found in the yard of a rear building, two sisters, of some four and seven years of age. Their sparkling eyes and winning smiles bespoke intelligence and native loveliness, but shoeless feet, disheveled hair, and tattered garments, indicated, too plainly, the sad want of maternal care. "Where is your home, dear children?" "Yonder, ma'am; up the stairs." Do your parents ever send you to the day school, or the Sunday school?" "No, ma'am," said the eldest, "but we would like to go if we had any clothes!" "Let us see if your mother would be willing to send you." So saying, we ascended the tottering stair-way (preceded by the eager little ones.) On entering the door, we found, stretched upon an apology for a bed, the helpless, besotted father, with scarlet face and swollen eyes, the bottle, half emptied, still within his reach. The mother was able to stand, but could not walk except in a zig-zag gait, and looked the very personification of filth and wretchedness—The general appearance of the premises corresponded with that of the miserable inmates, and may be better imagined than described. And such was the only earthly home of these poor children! When compelled to escape it by fear, hunger, or otherwise, their only resort was the city street. On our second visit, we led them decently clad, to the Sabbath School. For many months they were followed up while the most earnest efforts were made to reclaim the parents, and thus save both them and the children. Christian benevolence did what it could, but failed to accomplish the ends desired. The question then arose—Cannot something more be done to save both these now innocent sisters from their impending fate? It was quite manifest that, unless they could be soon removed from their parents, their case was morally hopeless. Persuasion failed. Both, when sober, confessed they had no expectations that their daughters would be saved from ruin, if they continued to run in the streets from day to day as they were then doing. Still, they preferred to keep them as long as possible, rather than to accept the offer to have them placed in Christian families, to be properly trained and educated.

To the inquiry—Can the law do nothing for the protection of these helpless children? the answer came—"No, surely; unless they commit some misdemeanor, or become entire vagrants. Then it opens for them, either the Prison, the House of refuge, or the Alms House, either of which receptacles is ever regarded by its inmates as more or less derogatory to character. For some two years, the teachers kept an eye upon these children, often feeding and re-clothing them, when found half-finished or half-clad. At length, the moral influence of the Sabbath School seemed to be wholly obliterated by the contaminations of the week-day influences by which they were surrounded; and the active blush of modesty gave place to an inexcusable forwardness of manner. About this time, the inebrate parents removed to a distant part of the city, and the teacher lost sight of them, and was unable afterwards to trace their whereabouts. Some six years had passed, when upon a Sabbath afternoon, while attending a ladies meeting, held at the City Prison, with the women and children confined there, we recognized the two sisters sitting among the female prisoners. They had just entered their teens, had grown much, but their naturally pretty features were changed by a wo-begone expression, and the fixed traces of early sorrow were deeply branded. At an interval in the services, appropriated to conversation with the prisoners, turning to Eliza, the remark was made, "We are very sorry to see you and your sister in this dismal prison; will you tell us what brought you here?" "We were found, ma'am, by a policeman, in a disorderly house." "And how came you there?" "The keeper asked me to come in and stay, because we hadn't any home any more.

After mother drank herself to death, and father was taken off to Blackwell's Island, we often staid in the streets all night, and slept sometimes behind board-piles and stoops; but we were hungry and cold pretty often, and glad to get at any place where we might be warm." "And how long did you stay where the officer found you?" "But a few weeks, ma'am." Further conversation developed other deplorable facts in their history, and the reflections occasioned by this unlooked-for interview, were extremely painful. These children, from infancy, had had natural protectors—but in name. Their love of alcohol had supplanted true parental love, deadened the conscience to idiocy; cast out the innocent and helpless to companionship with thieves and harlots. Law and its ministers had sanctioned the horrible outrage—looked with tearless eye and heart of adamant, upon the progressive steps in the sure and oft tried process of ruining immortal spirits, for whose salvation the world's redeemer sweat great drops of blood, and groaned on Calvary! The prospective steps of these poor girls are, henceforth, on the beaten path of sin. A mark for the dissolute, sinning and suffering till weary of a life that has had few charms; would it be strange should the epitaph of one or both soon be found written on Hood's Bridge of Sighs.

One more unfortunate, weary of breath, Rashly importunate, gone to her death.

In she plunged boldly no matter how coldly
The rough river ran.—Over the brink of it,
Picture it—think of it—dissolute man!
Lave in it, drink of it then if you can!"

Should the imagination stop here—it will only have sketched the first faint outlines in the moral picture that the history of these young immortals must be continually unfolding to interminable ages; but we will leave to the fancy of the reader to depict in what cycle a soul shall move, whose only season of probation has been thus passed in a school of vice, simply adding the deplorable fact, that the cases here noted represent but two of more than two thousand of a similar character that exist from year to year in this city, with no adequate legal provision made to improve their condition.

Could the *political economist*, with whom rests the power, once be persuaded to make the provision for such children, suggested in the petition to the Legislature in their behalf, who can estimate the degree of suffering—mental, moral, and physical—that might thus be blotted from the book of human life! [Adv. and Guar.

DRAM SELLERS.—Every groat that clinks in the till of a dram-seller, is, as it were, a bell announcing the starvation of a child, and the eternal ruin of its parent. Listen to the echo of the clink. How the sound has groaned as it traveled. The response is the sobbing of a mother, and the hunger-cry of her children, away up in a dismal garret, into which the pitying eye of a man seldom looks, and at the door of which his ear seldom listens!

Working miracles with worsted—such as brown rivers with orange-colored shores, or yellow Daniels sleeping among green lions with sapphire-colored tails, is one of the modern accomplishments of young ladies. So says the Albany Dutchman.

As a general thing, the less a man reads the more loquacious he is. Put a dozen ignoramus in a room, and they will wrangle all night about the "constitutionality of a saw mill."

Birds of Paradise always fly against the wind, and heavenly-minded souls move against the current.

The more delicate and tender the blossoms of joy, the purer must be the hand that cults them.

Our wishes are but the idle blossoms of the tree of human life, seldom bearing fruits.

A loving heart incloses within itself an unfading and eternal Eden.

EQUAL RIGHTS.

At the commencement of the present session of the Homœopathic Medical Institute, at Cleveland, Ohio, three females were present in the lecture room, and announced their determination of becoming worthy disciples of *Aesculapius*.

The Professor, thinking it might shock their maidenly modesty to be found seated with the males promiscuously, very gravely proposed the propriety of offering them a front seat, but was somewhat surprised when one quite gravely remarked, "We only ask for *equal rights*!"

Now, aside from the apparent pertinacity of the thing, we ask, how long is such silliness to continue? Why should her brother man be afraid or ashamed to sit beside his sister anywhere? 'Tis the remnant of a barbarous age, and, happily, fast wearing away. What a farce it is to toast woman upon every fitting occasion as something great—noble—angelic, and yet, when she fancies to venture within the walls of a school room—and the most important school for her at that—some people stare with stupid surprise, wondering what brought her there!

We pass by the remnant of "Blue Laws" sectarian nonsense which still exists in separating the sexes in the House of God! Inherent bigotry is the last to reform. We could expect nought less in that quarter. But that the disciples of a learned liberal profession like that of the healing art should follow suit in such barbarous affectation is disgraceful to the age.

But the end is not yet. Woman has at length forced open the door of that school-room which it had been better for the people of the present day their mothers had done before them. We want the sex educated to become wives and mothers, which they hitherto *have not been*, and that by a sound practical education having something like reality in it, without the by-gone superficiality and wax-doll. If we want reform, moral or physical, it must begin at the *threshold*—with our mothers; they are, by heaven's wise decree, our first appointed teachers, and the best, too.

[Cin. Times.

"Women allowed to vote in Canada," is going the rounds of the American Press, and reminds us that possibly our readers don't know that in England women possessing certain property qualifications, exercise the right of franchise. Whether the women of England are indebted to our revolutionary fathers for the right to vote or whether they were in possession of the right before our fathers wrote in blood on England's crest "no taxation without representation," we do not know; we only know that they are represented in the legislative branch of the government. The fact that she is extending the right of suffrage to the women of her colonies seems to indicate her satisfaction with the results of her own experiment. We think it would be well for Barnum to get some of these voting women to exhibit round the country with Jenny. If they could be persuaded that it would determine the propriety of women's having a voice in the objects which they are taxed to support, perhaps they would benevolently exhibit themselves to the astonished Americans.

[Windham Democrat.

CHARITY, FAITH, AND GOOD WORKS.—Man is not saved by faith alone; by charity alone, nor by works alone; but by the union of the three. He must have truth in the understanding, which is faith; love in the will, which is charity; and these must be united in useful acts, which are good works. Faith without charity is not living, but dead; charity without faith is not spiritual, but only natural; and both charity and faith, without good works, are only ideal entities, having no permanent existence, because not grounded in a useful life.

A correct taste is ever the concomitant of a chaste mind; for, as a celebrated author has justly observed, "our taste commonly declines with our merit."

For the Lily.

TIGHT DRESSING.

Oh, my Nora's gown for me,
That floats as wild as mountain breezes,
Leaving every beauty free
To sink or swell as heaven pleases."—MOORE.

It would hardly be possible now-a-days to say my thing to women upon the subject of tight dressing, without receiving the reply, "We do not care." But something else has been substituted for corsets and silken cords, if not equally as fatal as those, at least far more injurious than the Pagan crippling machinery with which Chinese ladies compress and deform their feet. I allude to tight dresses. These are more injurious, because the welfare of the parts compressed is of vital importance. By diminishing the size of two of the great cavities of the body, compression of the chest—or in other words tight dresses—obstruct the growth, and impair the functions of the organs contained in these cavities. These are vital organs of the body, whose injury, or unsound condition, is prejudicial to every other portion of it. The stomach, liver, and all the other chyle-making and chyle-carrying viscera—the heart, lungs, and large blood vessels, are all compressed, deranged in their functions, and most of them diminished in size, removed from their places, or altered in their shape, by this worse than barbarous practice.

To produce "fine figures," alias large shoulders and hips, with small waists, the mother commences with the girl, while but a child, to practice the *corset-screw* method of dressing. Being young, their whole systems are delicate, and the bones soft and yielding. The consequence is, the flexible parts—as the false ribs—are pressed inwardly, sometimes to overlapping; whereas they are naturally far apart, enlarging the lower part of the waist. Even the true ribs are rendered less arched, and with the breast bone, are carried or forced forward. The viscera of the abdominal cavity being laterally compressed, are forced upward against the diaphragm. That ascending in its central part compresses the lungs, heart, and large blood vessels, which in turn obstruct in some degree the movement of the chyle in the thoracic duct. In this state of things the functions of all these viscera are deranged. The mucous membrane of the stomach is diseased, often producing dyspepsia. A sufficient amount of chyle is not produced, nor of bile secreted, both of which are essential to the production of pure blood. These organs themselves, from compression, are weakened and less able to resist diseases arising from foreign causes.

The lungs are enfeebled and deranged. Unable to receive copious drafts of oxygenated air, the blood, in consequence, as it flows to the lungs for renewed vitality, obtains it not, but returns sluggishly, in an impure state, to various parts of the system. And more: the lungs themselves are in a state of increased liability to additional suffering. Hence the various forms of lung disease to which females are subject, and which were almost unknown in the days of natural waists. The heart, too, from compression is debilitated, and becomes affected with some one of the various maladies peculiar to its diseased state: palpitation, dropsey, inflammation, if not aneurism, and is rendered incompetent to propel vigorously the blood to the various parts. Hence these parts, in common with the heart, suffer: even the nerves and brain, as their faithful action depends upon the purity of the blood.

With this view of the effects of compression of the chest, upon the female constitution, is it extravagant to say that it has produced, and must as long as continued, produce degenerate offspring? "The descendants of tight-corseting mothers will never become the luminaries and leaders of the world." We have not yet summed up the whole mischief.

Upon the health of the muscles depends, not only full and deep inspiration, but the erect position of the spinal column depends upon the strength of the muscles that support it. These, by inaction and pressure are enfeebled. Hence

the many deformed women in corset-wearing countries. It is said that instances of crooked spines have been fearfully multiplied in the fashionable circles of Europe and America since the commencement of the present century; while in Greece, Turkey, Persia, Arabia and other parts of Asia, as well as Africa, where this mode of dressing is not thought of, it is almost unknown. So true is it that every infraction of divine law carries its penalty with it.

By actual computation it has been ascertained that of the females who follow this practice, more than *one fourth* have unnatural and deformed spines. Examine the boarding schools of our country: with scarcely an exception the inmates have some disease arising directly from this cause. Distorted spines, hunch-backs, and one shoulder higher than the other, are among them.

It is inconsistent with the nature of the human system that these results should not follow. Such pressure cannot fail to injure the symmetry of the trunk. Then what can induce the votaries of fashion to continue a practice which in the end destroys all beauty? Woman is not by nature of the insect tribe, and cannot assume their form but at the expense of health and longevity. Of the other effects of tight dresses at some other time.

LYDIA A. JENKINS.

Written for the Lily.
MATERNAL INFLUENCE.

A mother's influence—who can estimate its strength or its power? None can limit its extent, for whether for good or evil, it shall be felt through the ceaseless ages of eternity. None may know in this life of the souls encouraged by maternal solicitude to heavenward aspirations; fitted by maternal prayers and examples, when death has dissolved the ties that bound them to earthly influences, to plume their flight beyond the stars, and join evermore in the grand employments of the better world: and the wailings of the lost through all their long eternity of woe, will add a deeper torment to the faithless mother's doom. And this bitter punishment commences even in this life, where there is no joy but in the consciousness of duties well fulfilled. If the faithful mother, whose prayers and counsels have guided the feet of her child in the straight and narrow path, has peace and great joy, alas! how bitter is the condemnation of her, who has failed to warn the child her Maker gave to be trained for heaven, when temptation beckoned him into the alluring paths of sin; when she sees the soul which came to her pure and unsullied, all written over with the black characters of moral pollution and death.

This train of thought was induced by hearing of the illness in the prison of our city of one whom I knew in other days, and very different circumstances. Sometime since, while under the influence of ardent spirits, he committed theft, and was arrested and imprisoned. He has been ill for several months, and now is lingering in the last stages of consumption, on the rude pallet of a prison cell; deserted by all his friends, even the mother to whom may be attributed perhaps in a great degree, his present disgraceful situation. One, of a large family who in the almost constant absence of the father, an United States officer, were left to the charge of the mother; that mother's influence must have made him what he is. And this mother being of a violent and uncontrollable temper, was at one time so foolishly fond of her children, as to grant every unnecessary indulgence; and again in her fits of fury would hurl at them any missile in her reach. She was also so fond of dress and household luxury, as to scarcely scruple at any means to supply her extravagant wishes. Of course this violent temper and weak moral sense rendered her anything but capable of training for usefulness and respectability her numerous family. Of all her sons, and all are grown to manhood, but two can now command the respect of their fellow-men. Her eldest, in the prime of his early manhood, was forced to flee from some disgraceful exposure, and going to sea perished miserably on a desert

island. One of her daughters caused her unutterable anguish, and all, with the exceptions I have mentioned, have by their dissolute lives, or outbreaking crimes, caused the heart of that mother to bleed in agony, and bowed the silvered head of the father almost to the grave.

Then how bitter must be the pangs of self-condemnation that agitate this mother's heart, when she reflects that by resolute self control, and strict integrity she might have placed before her children an example, which if followed would have rendered them useful men.

But now she sees too late her error. Strengthened by long years of indulgence in wrong doing, her sons will no more listen to her warnings, no more yield to her influence. The plastic hour of childhood has past, and now nothing but the influence of Divine grace can mould their human nature to usefulness, or fit their distorted souls for communion with the pure in Heaven. Oh! that mothers would take warning by such fatal examples. That they would ever remember the vast responsibility which rests upon them as they write upon the unsullied soul the characters that shall stand there at the Judgement Day, to determine the weal or woe of the beloved ones entrusted to their care.

M. C. V.

HINTS TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

We are often asked for our recipe for making wheat meal, or dyspepsia bread. We use potato yeast and prefer it to any other. Two hours will suffice for it to raise coarse bread fit for the oven, and five hours for fine bread when set in sponge first. Bread is much sweeter raised with this yeast, and better at two or three days old than at first.

The wheat meal should not be too fine, and can hardly be too coarse if it do not actually scratch the mouth and throat. We take our loaves in oblong square pans; their weight, when baked, from $2\frac{1}{2}$ to 3 pounds, and bake $\frac{1}{2}$ of an hour in a stove oven, or one hour in a brick oven. The proportions for two loaves are three pints of water to a half pint of yeast and half a cup of molasses. Stir in meal till too stiff to pour out, but not too stiff to run if the vessel be tipped on one side. Put it in the pans and set it to rise; bake when it has risen to one-third more than its original bulk. It may stand over night mixed cold in summer, or warm in winter, and put in pans in the morning (without any additional stirring) and baked directly. If you want nice biscuits for breakfast, take out with a wet spoon and drop the batter on buttered tins and bake with a quick fire.

To make potato yeast—boil three or four large potatoes till soft, mash fine; mix with them half a cup of flour, and while hot stir up with one quart boiling water; add half a cup of molasses, one tea-spoonful of ginger, and when cool enough not to scald add one cup of yeast. If yeast is changed sweeten it with saleratus before the yeast or bread is raised, as it saves loss of sweetness and nutriment by the sour of the flour.

[Windham Dem.

REPENTANCE AND REMISSION.—Man inherits inclinations to all kinds of evil; and when he voluntarily commits any'thing that he knows to be an evil, he sins against the Lord. Repentance is for a man to examine himself, to know his sins, to confess them before the Lord, and thus to begin a new life. Sins are remitted and removed, when the man shuns them, because they are against the Lord and lead to hell, and when he begins to live anew. When we confess and forsake our sins, the Lord is faithful and just to forgive us our sins. Hence without repentance there is no remission; and without remission of sins there is no salvation.

A pure mind can derive more enjoyment from this world, and from the senses, than an impure mind. This is true even of the lowest senses.

We have received from a good friend in Chester Co., Pa., a copy of the proceedings and address of the Women's Temperance Convention of that county. We had thought to publish the address entire, as it will apply as well to other sections as that for which it is intended—but when we consider the room it will occupy, we are forced to relinquish the idea of giving more than an extract from it. These women are untiring laborers in the Temperance field; they hold a regular yearly convention, from which they send forth their appeals to the people, and their petitions to the legislature; and some of them have even gone in person before that body to represent their wrongs, and claim redress for their grievances. As they have no votes to give, they are, of course, treated with neglect; yet they are nothing daunted by this. Confident in the righteousness of their cause, and looking with hope to "that good time coming," they continue to sound their notes of warning and appeal. But we will let them speak for themselves:

"To you who rest in ease and comfort, thoughtlessly censuring those whom the promptings of benevolence and duty, have impelled to occupy the position of pioneers in the temperance reform, we would say, instead of condemning measures and persons, examine principles, and institute a court of inquiry with your own conscience. You may then learn that your duty to society and, consequently to yourselves, cannot be fully discharged without active effort on your part to banish this monster vice from our midst. You who, clothed in the garb of womanhood, excuse yourselves from any participation in opposing the vice of drunkenness, under the plea of sacrifice of female delicacy, or of departure from your proper sphere, look for a moment at the condition of the drunkard's wife and children, and the nobler impulses of your nature will certainly prompt you to some effort to rescue and sustain female delicacy in the degraded home of the drunkard.

You who are in full chase of political preferment, and greedy for the emolument of office, and ready to sacrifice the moral prosperity of the community at the shrine of party, remember there is a tribunal before which justice, mercy and humanity alone can vindicate you; that the principles of righteous law are not founded in party aggrandizement. They are eternal as justice and enduring as truth. Wisdom, in legislation, proceeds from a firm adherence by legislators to those fundamental principles, which when carried out, promote the highest moral development of the people; and laws which sanction or protect the traffic in intoxicating drinks, can in no wise promote that development.

You, who professing to be advocates of temperance, seal your lips against a public declaration of your sentiments lest it should be prejudicial to your party interests, think you, it would be better that Whigism or Democracy should triumph, than that we should have a sober and intelligent community? Cease to throw out hints and low sarcastic implications against women, because they have dared publicly to denounce the sin of drunkenness, and because in the name of humanity and justice they demand a law prohibiting the traffic in intoxicating liquors as a beverage, to protect the violated sanctuary of domestic peace from demoniac brutality. Lay aside your mock pretensions, and come forth nobly to the work of reformation. "Honesty is the best policy"—an independent adherence to principle the only passport to a permanent reputation, as well as to happiness.

You, who in this age of light and knowledge, continue to pursue the traffic in intoxicating drinks; who are willing to assume the fearful responsibility of dealing out this poison to others, because of the pecuniary profit it may yield, tremble at your positions. Hearts whose life-blood you have wrung from them; Homes that cheerfully awarded to the male—when we see

you have made more than desolate, rise in accusation against you, and demand that you immediately abandon your diabolical trade.

You, who make yourselves partners with the dealer in his business of sin and death, by signing his petition, think of the fearful array of mischief and woe which you generate; you must be bankrupt in conscience and humanity if, with these in view, you dare to put your name to the rum seller's application for license.

To you who have spent years of ardent labor in the temperance cause, we may say with fervency of spirit, falter not in this good work.—Though all that we could desire has not yet been accomplished; though discouragements have been thrown around us, by the manifest lukewarmness and indifference of those from whom humanity expected better things; and though many who are total abstinence men from principle, are not willing to assist others to become so, (their whole round of duty seeming to stop with themselves,) we have much to cheer us; much to increase our faith in "the good time coming"; much to strengthen the hope that we will yet be freed from the galling chain forged and fastened upon us, by the use of intoxicating drinks.

* * * * *

For ourselves we may say, while "There are hearts to break, there are souls to win From the ways of peace to the paths of sin; There are homes to be rendered desolate, There is trusting love to be turned to hate; There are hands that murder must crimson red, There are hopes to crush, there is blight to be shed, Over the young and the pure and fair, Till their lives are crushed by the fiend Despair."

There is work for us to do, and we should be unfaithful to our duty, "false to the instincts of womanhood and the pleading voice of love," if we did not exert ourselves to rescue those around us from the degrading vice of drunkenness.

The following resolutions were adopted:

1st. Resolved, That the right to do wrong or to authorize wrong doing, does not belong either to the people in their sovereign capacity or to the Legislature; and that the power to grant licenses to sell intoxicating beverages cannot be delegated either to a Court or to a board of Commissioners elected by the people for that purpose, without the plainest usurpation and the most palpable violation of fundamental morality.

2d. Resolved, That in our opinion the State might as well set up schools for instruction in gambling, counterfeiting and other vicious and criminal practices, as to license liquor-selling establishments.

3d. Resolved, That we will continue to petition the Legislature for a law of total prohibition, believing as we do, that so long as this traffic is sustained and not forbidden by law, so long shall we be deprived of that legal protection to person and property which the humblest person has a right to claim, and which it is the first duty of all governments to afford.

5th. Resolved, That all that is tender and beautiful in womanhood, pleads in behalf of temperance, and we entreat our sisters throughout the county and the country, by their desire to save their fellow creatures from destruction, by their pity for the imbruted drunkard and his wretched family, by the remembrance of their own blessings, by their desire to make society happier and better because of their lives, by every noble motive and lofty hope, to be active and energetic in this blessed cause, and never to grow weary in well doing, till the detestable traffic in liquors as a drink is abolished.

Written for the Lily.

WOMAN.

When we see the laboring woman receiving for similar services so much lower wages than the laboring man—when we see the female teacher of equal education and government, compelled to teach for half the compensation which is

woman forbidden by the popular voice, publicly sentiments involving science or research— forbidden a voice in making laws for her own protection, and denied that thorough practical system of instruction which her own mind claims—when we see her yielding to this popular voice, and submitting to its dictates, then we understand why she has ever been thought intellectually inferior to man. But now, as at the dawn of a new day, shall there not be an awakening on this subject? Shall not those powers which have so long been rocked to sleep by the arbitrary forms of society, be aroused, and in their efficient action may there not be secured a better system of physical and intellectual training? It is idle to talk of which is intellectually greater! Enough that man's inalienable rights are "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." These rights are woman's also; and in the possession of them she should claim an equality.

Whatever man was, when in Eden he lived free from evil—however wise and intellectual he might then have been, it only the more clearly shows his weakness now. For, as long years have rolled by, they have found him the willing victim of passion, appetite and crime; and in his impotency he has proved incapable of governing himself. Would it not be a mercy to him, if woman, instead of looking to him for guidance, would trust to the teachings of her own mind? And if she fails here, is there not an ever-present One—the All-Powerful—who is willing to impart His strength and His wisdom to all who trust in him? We know that if woman would do this, she could prove to the world that her characteristic is not merely beauty of form and features, with their winning charms, but that a mind—a soul—is hers, with power to combat and forsake whatever is false, and to love and bless whatever is ennobling, true, and just.

L. A. M.

Seneca Falls, Jan. 1851.

AHEAD.

Harvard College is in trouble. Three colored men, among them Dr. Delany of our city, have been admitted into its medical department, and one woman applied for admission. The students held an indignation meeting. The lady withdrew her application and the Professors refused to discharge the men. A colored man speaking of the circumstance, naively remarked, "We are ahead of the women yet, ha! ha!" Amen! negroes and women, and the negroes ahead!—Gallantry to be sure, and plenty of it; but we rejoice at the reception of these men. Martin Delany will do no discredit to any University in this or any other country. We think female medical students should patronise their own college.

[Saturday Visitor.]

We believe the only College we have is in Philadelphia, and it might not be convenient for every woman to go there to pursue her studies. Wonder if Harvard College would refuse any money raised from taxes on the property of rich widows, for its support, or a bequest of five or ten thousand dollars from some fair lady?

As the shadow follows the body in the splendor of the fairest sunlight, so will the wrong done to another, pursue the soul in the hour of prosperity.

It often happens that those are the best persons whose characters have been most injured by slanders. As we usually find that to be the sweetest fruit which the birds have been picking at.

THE LILY.

AMELIA BLOOMER, Editor.

FEBRUARY, 1851.

THE LIQUOR PARTY TRIUMPHANT!

Already since the charter election in this village last month, we hear the exulting cry, "Now we shall have license." Oh, how should the cheek of every honest man crimson with shame at such triumphs. Honest, principled, temperance men, against keepers of liquor and gambling houses, and the drunkard-makers triumphant!! And this, too, by the votes (so the enemies of Temperance boast,) of professed Temperance men—*Sons of Temperance*. We feel to throw down our pen in disgust, and never again to take it up in this cause. We know that in this village the Temperance party is the strongest, and that they can rule when they choose. We know also that they *profess* great hatred of the liquor traffic, and have again and again declared their determination to root it out. Yet what do we see? At an election—unimportant in every other particular—where the great test should have been, and in truth was, between License and No License—strong Temperance men on one hand and liquor sellers on the other—*Sons of Temperance* proved unfaithful to their principles, and unblushingly voted for prominent rumsellers because they were the candidates of "our party." Thus some of the most true and consistent Temperance men of which our village can boast were sacrificed to the Moloch of Intemperance. When we have none but declared enemies to fight against, we can do battle with good will; but when we see in the ranks of the enemy and fighting their cause those whom we have regarded as brothers—as one with us in this moral warfare—we are taken all aback; our arm falls powerless and we feel to sit down and weep that they have fallen so low—that they have thus disgraced the noble principles they are pledged to sustain, and have trailed in the dust the banner which they should ever carry so proudly aloft. But notwithstanding all this, mortifying as it is, we have yet some hopes that our village is not to be sold to the agents of Satan who are glorying over this victory; no thanks to the recreant "Sons" if it is not. Two, of our six Trustees are good Temperance men and true, who cannot be bought or sold by rumsellers; and there is a third whom we believe we may claim, although we know nothing of his views on this subject, whether he claims to be a Temperance man or not; yet we think he has too much self-respect, too much regard for his own reputation and the feelings of others to be found in so low company, and doing such mean and dirty business as sanctioning the liquor traffic. If we are right in our opinion of this third person then all depends upon the President, as he has the casting vote. This latter personage is a gentleman of wealth and influence—would that we could say his influence was *always* for good—would that we could say he is a Temperance man; but if report speaks true, he is not. Yet we have strong hopes that his sense of right will not suffer him to join hands with liquor sellers and gamblers, and give the sanction of law to their criminal and pauper-making business.

We hear it said that the liquor party feel secure of his vote, yet we can but think he will prefer the approval of the sober and respectable part of community, rather than theirs.

But says one, "Let them have license; they sell just as much if they don't have any; and better give them license and take their money to support the poor, than to let them sell for nothing." This is pretty doctrine, truly! Better give a man license to steal your property, for he will steal it any way, whether you consent or not; and if he will give you five dollars for the privilege of robbing you of five thousand, why you had better take the five dollars. Because men will steal and murder, must we give them license to do so, and then excuse ourselves by saying that the price of blood which they pay into our hands for the privilege, will help support the poor? Out upon such doctrine as this! Is not nineteen-tenths of the poverty and pauperism in our land caused either directly or indirectly by the liquor traffic? Does not a very great proportion of our taxes grow out of this traffic? Is it not the great cause of the many rail-road accidents, steamboat and other explosions, and the great loss of life resulting therefrom? Is it not the great promoter of immorality, licentiousness, gambling, theft, murder, and every crime that can be named? Then what are the few paltry dollars paid by vendors into the treasury, in comparison with the great evil they do? What return for the property unjustly taken from others? What return for the health and character destroyed, the hopes blighted, the prospects blasted, the suffering endured, the wretchedness caused, the reason dethroned, the soul forever lost. It is the price of blood and infamy, and will corrode in the hands of him who uses it. If men will sell themselves, body and soul, to sin, let them alone be answerable for it. Honest men should wipe their hands clean from guilt.

FEMALE ATTIRE.

The attention of the World's Fair, soon to be held in London, is to be called to the subject of improvement in the attire of females. That there is abundant room as well as necessity for improvement in this respect we firmly believe. We favor such reform for the reason that it would contribute greatly to the comfort, happiness and convenience of the sex; considerations to which we are always alive.

* * * * * With regard to means proposed to protect the persons of females from the chills of winter, and thus preserve their health and promote their comfort and convenience, it seems as though but one opinion should prevail. Who has not been pained to witness the inconvenience attending the act of entering a carriage or alighting? Ten to one but the dress is soiled, if not utterly ruined. This can scarcely be avoided, to say nothing of the indelicate exposure which is often unavoidable. Then how painful to the sensitive female must it be to strive to walk, her dress flapping in the breeze and assuming all the gyrations of a ship's sails in a storm. Many inconveniences—many a shock to the delicate female might be obviated—great addition to her comfort be wrought, by the substitution of a mode of dress having in view these considerations. A pair of Turkish pantaloons, wide, and nearly meeting the shoe, of such material and texture as the season demanded, and of a hue adapted to the taste of the wearer; and a garment neatly fitting the person, buttoned, or permanently closed on all sides, extending just below the knee, of a material and texture that would ward off the chilly atmosphere, colored

and ornamented to suit the fancy of the wearer, and held by a girdle highly wrought and ornamented; a head-gear not subject to be crushed and destroyed by every slight contact with other objects, yet neat. What reasonable person could object to the substitution of such a costume for that now worn.—[Courier.

Really, we are surprised that the cautious editor of the Seneca County Courier has so far overcome his opposition to woman's rights as to become himself an advocate of their wearing the pantaloons! This goes a step or two beyond what the most clamorous of the women claim on the subject of their rights. Had we broached this subject the cry would have been raised on all sides, "She wants to wear the pantaloons," and a pretty hornet's nest we should have got into. But now that our cautious editor of the Courier recommends it, we suppose there will be no harm in our doing so. And what is this dress, which we are to don at the bidding of our self-constituted lords and guardians? As near as we can get at it, it is simply a sack-coat and pantaloons, and a cap or hat similar to those worn by men. One thing we object to on the start, and that is having the coat entirely closed. Men like to display a handsome vest, and nicely plaited shirt-bosom, and why may we not have the same privilege? Nothing is said about our hair, whether we shall have it cut short—or about our boots, whether we shall wear them after the fashion of men.—The latter, we think, ought not to have been omitted. We go for high thick boots that are impervious to cold or wet, as an important preservative of health. Really, ladies, will it not be nice? We shall no longer have our dresses drabbled in the mud, or half the depth of them wet with snow. In getting in and out of carriages we need have no fears of the wheels, and we can even sit down in a puddle of tobacco-juice without endangering our Sunday suit. Yet the convenience of the thing is nothing when compared to the health and comfort. Small waists and whalebones can be dispensed with, and we shall be allowed breathing room; and our forms will be what nature made them. We are so thankful that men are beginning to undo some of the mischief they have done us. Fashion plates, songs, and stories have ever spoken their admiration of our small waists, our delicate features, and our small well-shaped feet, and we have been simple enough to gratify their taste at the sacrifice of health and comfort. Now if they will sing another tune women will no doubt be willing to dance after it, when they have once learned the steps they are to take.

We remember a year ago a great deal was said by the gentlemen of the press about Fanny Kemble's "male attire." She was ridiculed, laughed at, and condemned for being so masculine as to put on pantaloons. And yet the dress worn by her which caused so great excitement, was precisely the same as that recommended above. This only shows that women should not dare to make a change in their costume till they have the consent of men—for they claim the right to prescribe for us in the fashion of our dress as well as in all things else.

■ A. ENOS is our authorised agent.

■ We can still furnish subscribers with the *Lily*, from the first of January.

WOMAN'S WRONGS.

Oh! how little those who are surrounded with every comfort, blessed with kind good husbands, and enjoying the society of virtuous and intelligent friends know of the sorrows of their sisters who are doomed to drag out their lives in the companionship of a loathsome drunkard! How little they think of the trials they have to undergo, the abuse and insult to which they are subjected, the sufferings they are obliged to endure! Oh! how many young hearts are made to bleed, how many fond hopes have been crushed, how many fair prospects blasted, by that insatiate destroyer IN-TEMPERANCE! Many such cases have from time to time come to our knowledge, but none have so deeply called forth our sympathies as one of which we have recently become acquainted. A young lady who had not seen twenty years, highly educated and of wealthy connexions, bestowed her hand upon a young man whom she thought every way worthy of her, and to whom she gave a heart capable of the deepest and most unbounded affection. She supposed her prospects for the future fair and bright. But alas! how soon she realized how grossly she had been deceived. He took her to a distant city where he was known, and she a stranger. The first intimation she had of his not being what she supposed him to be, was the neglect with which she was treated. Ere a year had elapsed her eyes were fully opened to a sense of his depravity; and thence forward his downward course was fearfully rapid. Who can imagine the anguish of that young heart when the conviction came to her, that her companion—her husband, he whom she had promised to love and honor, to cherish and obey, was a drunkard, a gambler, a profane swearer, and a contemner of the laws! For several years she lived in the endurance of every insult, even to bringing as inmates of her house, his drunken female companions. And yet she endured all patiently, for she was "crushed to the earth" Sick in mind and body—an orphan, with no protector—her property in the hands of her husband—unable to labor—what could she do? Too proud, or to sensitive to complain to her wealthy friends who were far distant, they never knew her fate. Two children died in infancy, victims to their fathers brutal propensities. The burden of her sorrows at length became too heavy to be longer borne, personal abuse being added to the long catalogue of injuries received. She applied for a divorce; it was granted, and she is now free; but broken in health and spirits and dependant upon her own exertions for support.

Oh, what a life of misery, for one yet so young in years! What a bitter experience of the dreadful evils of that legalized curse which is suffered by the people of this land, and by its law-makers, to crush and trample upon all that is fair and lovely, and to scatter misery and death broadcast over the earth. Who of our sisters are there, who do not weep tears of pity over the fate of this fair victim to the liquor seller's cruel business? Who does not cherish feelings akin to hate towards him who can thus win a young and loving heart but to crush and trample it under his feet? Who does not feel the wish for power to hurl down both the drunkard and drunkard maker, and restore to their true position and happiness those who are subjected to their cruelty? Our cheek burns with

shame and indignation at the great wrongs put upon our sex by many men who claim to respect our rights, and who call themselves the protectors of women. Verily, their protection is "such as the wolf gives the lamb, the eagle the dove he carries to his eyrie"! Women are insulted, abused, stripped of every comfort, driven forth to seek shelter and subsistence, and at length to fill a paupers grave. And this is done with the knowledge and consent of men, and with the sanction of their laws: and women have no means of redress. Their fate is linked with drunkards, and the law makes the drunkards. Public opinion says it is her misfortune, and she must silently and patiently submit to her trials; and public opinion and law combined, are too powerful for helpless, powerless, woman to contend against.

THE CHIVALRY OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

In olden times, how freely did the knight-errants pour out their gold, their strength and their blood too, in defence of blue eyes, auburn locks and sunny brows. They did much to change the position of woman from that of slave to idol. They seemed to think that the advancement of a nation was, in some mysterious way, connected with the elevation of woman.

But our liege lords, alas! take quite a different view of our importance. In this age of progress, when so many discoveries are being made in the physical world, such improvements in the arts and sciences, in theories of metaphysics and government, in this age of free trade, free land and universal suffrage, they think there is no corresponding improvement called for in woman's condition. Our chivalrous knights say we shall have no civil or political rights, except the right of paying taxes and being punished for crime, we shall have no voice in the government, we shall not vote, or petition, and we shall not even tell our own grievances in a newspaper. They will let us serve them, in any way they choose, in public or private; we may be post masters, editors, authors, actors, dancers or singers, but it must all be done to the glory of man. A woman may plead for the poor slave or the miserable drunkard, she may beg to build churches and school-houses, and to educate young men, but she shall not breathe the story of her own cruel wrongs. Even to hint at the fact that she has any wrongs would be grossly insulting to man, if the bare idea were not too ludicrous to be for one moment entertained. Yes, we may edit papers, and speak out freely for any portion of outraged male humanity, and men of wealth and standing will rally round and sustain us; but to talk of a woman's right to the wages she earns, to the property she inherits, to the children of her love, is enough to stop the paper at once.

Such, friends, has been the fate of the frail, tender Lily before you. Precocious one! though but two years old, she has found out, in the discussion of great, universal principles of right and justice, that if the drunkard has a right to wallow in the gutter, then has the drunkard's wife a right to look after her interests, either at the domestic hearth or in the council chambers of the people, as she may see fit. Yes, here and there have grave Seneca's frowned upon this fair flower, taken their names from her list of friends, and refused the pitiful sum of fifty cents a year for her support, because, forsooth, she, having held her head in pride and beauty above the water for many a day, chanced, at length, to say, "I have a right to the nourishment I draw from the earth that supports me, from the gentle stream that waters me, and from the balmy air and sunny sky above me. Oh! how I rejoice in an individual, independent existence!"

Now, men of Seneca, come, let us reason together. Our columns are open to you; if we are wrong set us right. All we ask for is justice.—If we cannot be represented in this government,

pray relieve us from all taxation. If we can have no voice in making laws, pray excuse us from being bound by them. Prithee, do not withdraw from us your countenance and support—do not choke us down, unnoticed and unheard. Those alone who feel they have no cause, dread the light of free discussion. Be at least as valiant as the knights of old, and bravely attack what seems to you to be great giants and bug-bears. On a closer investigation this question of woman's rights might turn out as innocent a monster as the wind-mill of Sancho Panza, which in the distance seemed so terrible to behold.

In addition to the above from our star editor, we would say, that although a few of those who have hitherto borne us company, think to frown down all further discussion on the subject of "woman's rights" by withdrawing their patronage from the Lily, we have yet confidence to believe that we shall be sustained, despite their frowns. We look to those who approve our course and are more liberal in their views, to rally round us, and make good the number lost from this cause. We do not believe they will allow us to suffer through this spirit of intolerance. One thing is certain, we are not to be frightened by these dictators, and so long as we are proprietor of the Lily—whether it be six months or six years—we shall say just what we please, on any and all subjects. It is an independent, woman's paper, and will remain such so long as our name stands at the editorial head.

We are happy to state that in our own village, out of about a hundred subscribers, three only, have ordered their papers stopped—two of these say they love temperance very much, but they "will not countenance this subject of woman's rights." Glad we are not their wife!"

THE following Memorial is being extensively circulated and numerously signed by both men and women throughout this State. In this village about one hundred and seventy names have been obtained, and about the same number, we are told, in our sister village, Waterloo. These memorialists are persons of the highest respectability and intelligence, and not the ignorant and illiterate, as may be supposed. The petitions will be presented to the Legislature during its present session.—Of course no one supposes they will be granted this year, but it will give people something new to think and talk about.

Any one wishing to add their names to the long list already obtained in this village, will find the paper at the Post Office, where it has been left for that purpose.

To the Honorable, the Members of the Legislature of the State of New York:

The petition of the undersigned, inhabitants of the State of New York, respectfully represents:

That, in the opinion of your petitioners, the Laws of this State in relation to Woman do violence to her natural and inalienable rights, and are contrary to the spirit and principles of a Republic which is based on the declaration that taxation without representation is tyranny. Woman, therefore, as her property is taxed, and she has to bear a share of the public burdens, and enjoys or suffers with her country, ought to have all the rights and privileges in forming the laws and governing the country equal with man.

Also, as a married woman is subject to all the vicissitudes of life arising from the cares involved on the providing for and bringing up of a family, and the sufferings incident on poverty and adversity, as well as man, she feels herself entitled to the protection of the laws regulating marriage.

therefore pray your Honorable Body, to such laws as will give all Women the franchise, with all the privileges of holding etc., the same as man; and to married women, in case of separation or death, the right to bestow or bequeath, an equal share of all the property her husband and herself may possess.

There has also a petition been sent from this place to the Legislature, praying that Women owning property of less value than fifteen hundred dollars, may be exempt from taxes. We think it but simple justice, that this prayer at least should be granted. There are many widows, with families, who have a little home—a poor one—who nevertheless are obliged to labor unceasingly to procure the means of subsistence. It is unjust that they are compelled to give of their pittance, for improvements to which they never consented. Some people objected to signing this petition because it did not go far enough. They think so long as women are denied a voice in *voting taxes*, they should be exempt from *paying any*—no matter how great their wealth. This is in accordance with the principles of our constitution, that without *representation* there shall be no *taxation*; yet we think if poor women can be relieved of this great burden, we should be satisfied for the present, and leave the rich ones to future legislation.

It is not often that we let our readers see the fine things that are said of us, but we like, now and then, to give them a specimen, that they may know the estimation in which we are held. We cull the following from a number of similar notices:

Mrs. Bloomer has made up her mind to continue the *Lily* another year. We are glad of this. She is a pleasing, energetic writer, and the *Lily* is one of the best temperance advocates we know of. Her arguments are clothed in such graceful drapery and surrounded with such gems of literature and items of news that the veriest drinker is beguiled into reading them before he is aware of it. We would like to send the names of some of our ladies as subscribers to the *Lily*—only fifty cents a year—it is positively a shame for any one to be without it.

[Concord Free Press.]

We think the *Lily*, of Seneca Falls, edited by Mrs. Bloomer, the prettiest flower we know. It is a neat monthly of eight pages, devoted to temperance and literature, and contains chaste and beautiful articles, worthy the appropriate name it bears. How it can possibly be afforded for fifty cents a year is more than we can guess. No lady of refined taste and feeling, who values her own happiness and rights, should fail to subscribe for the *Lily*. We hope it will be liberally supported, so that its fair petals may never droop and die, but continue to shed their rich fragrance abroad perpetually. [Geneva Courier.]

We are glad that Mrs. Bloomer's *Lily* has put forth its buds and blossoms for another year.—This little monthly—at fifty cents the year—is the most efficient and judicious advocate of temperance and woman's responsibility in the work of reform, that we know of. And we know that when the labor and anxiety of her present vocation shall have passed from her heart, the reflected hues of her *Lily* will be the richest and sweetest light of her evening sky.

[Windham Co. Democrat.]

Napoleon used to say that "a handsome woman pleases the eye, but a good woman pleases the heart. The one is a jewel and the other a treasure."

FOUR HUNDRED LADIES of Southport, Massachusetts, as we learn from the *Cataract*, have signed a Circular setting forth the evils of the liquor traffic, and praying to be relieved from them. A copy has been placed in every family in that town. This is as it should be. Such a movement reflects great credit upon the ladies who signed it, and cannot but do good.

Suppose the Ladies of Rochester should adopt a similar course; and not only Rochester, but all the towns and villages in Western New York, how long would the accursed pauper, and death dealing traffic continue to curse our State?

[Star of Temperance.]

We wish we had your faith in woman's influence, father Chipman! If you could only make women believe that a petition signed by them sent from every city and village in the state would induce our legislature to prohibit the traffic, or rum-sellers to give it up, the petitions would be forthcoming immediately. But women are too sensible of the extent of their powers, and of the estimation in which they are held, to believe they would have any such influence, upon either the one or the other. Why sir, what business have women to complain of wrongs done them, or to ask to be relieved from the great evils of the liquor traffic? Know you not it is out of their *sphere*? If you do not know it, *legislators do*, and they mean to show their disapprobation of all such movements by frowning upon and disregarding our prayers.

In years gone by, petitions setting forth the evils of the liquor traffic, and prayers for relief and protection therefrom, have been sent to the legislature from this village, with the signatures of five and six hundred women. As large a number, we doubt not, could again be obtained; and if we had any faith that such a petition would frighten our legislature into passing a prohibitory law this winter, we would ourselves visit every house in the village, and get the names. But—we are faithless. Men are willing to pay deference to us in little things—things unimportant, but when we ask for real benefits—when we complain of real wrongs, then we are out of our *spheres*—then we are unsexing ourselves, and they deem it their duty to tell us we are meddling with what is none of our business.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS.

We feel very grateful to our friends for their kind expressions, and the more substantial assistance which they have rendered us. We have received so many letters since our last issue that we cannot return thanks or make acknowledgements to each of the writers individually, but we are none the less thankful for their favors. The receipt of the papers ordered, will show that the letters have in each case been received.

The Rochester Democrat says, that at the election of officers of the Atheneum and Mechanics Association in that city "the lady members are permitted to have a voice in the selection, and may be present at the caucus, and vote at the polls if they choose—a privilege which was not allowed to go unemployed at the election last year!" and adds "Here is something of which the young men may be proud. They are the first to put the theory of women's rights practically into operation."

Have these men no fears that the women will become "masculine"—that they will become "con-

taminated" by mingling with their husbands and brothers at the caucuses and polls? And pray what becomes of the *children* while they vote? Please tell us that Mr. Democrat.

A DAMPER TO BATHING.—The last number of the Boston Medical and Surgical Journal utters the opinion that "once a week is often enough to bathe the whole body for the purpose of luxury and cleanliness. Beyond this we consider bathing as injurious. Flannel worn next the skin at all seasons is proper, and infinitely more healthful than all the daily baths now so fashionable." The argument by which this opinion is supported is as follows:

"The oil which is secreted by the sebaceous glands of the skin, serves the purpose of lubricating its surface. Now, if this secretion is constantly removed as fast as exuded, its destined object is thereby defeated. The excretory ducts of the perspiratory glands themselves, require this unctuous matter of the skin to keep them in action. If very frequent bathing of the body is practised, it must be obvious that this matter cannot be long present to perform its office. As to the assimilations of functions of the skin and lungs, it will be apparent that when the skin acts imperfectly, or ceases to act at all, the lungs have an extra amount of duty to perform; and it is generally in just such cases that engorgement of them takes place, constituting inflammation, or pneumonia."

Can this be so? Well, then, I have made myself a martyr, on many a cold, frosty morning, to no purpose. No Catholic devotee feels more guilty in forgetting to count her beads, than do I in neglecting the cold douche. A cold bath, winter and summer, in sickness and health, every morning, has been one of the strong points of my faith, and I cannot lightly give it up. As to flannel next the skin, if I had the philosophy to endure the itching, I should not dare to wear it, lest the shade of the departed Hahnemann should haunt me with earnest protestations against the constant irritation of the skin produced by flannel. This bull against bathing from the learned M. D.'s, so opposed to what hundreds of others of the Faculty have told us, is just another proof that every man must attend to his own body and soul as best he may. There is no end to the different theories for the salvation of souls and bodies, but a little experience for one's self is better than all. E. C. Stanton

E. C. S.

A petition signed by one hundred and sixty-four of our citizens, for a law prohibiting the liquor traffic, has been forwarded to Albany.—These names have been obtained without effort on the part of any one. The petition was laid on the desk in our office, and was voluntarily signed by the above number. With proper effort it might have been doubled or trebled,

A NEW KIND OF BED.—One of the neatest and most convenient inventions of the day, is a portable bed. It has recently been introduced into New York, where its uses and convenience has been fully tested. It is creating a good deal of attraction. A downy and comfortable couch is formed by it, and it requires but very little trouble to take care of it. The space which it occupies is comparatively nothing when we place it beside the common bedstead. It can be shut up like an umbrella, in so compact a form as to admit of being conveniently stored away in either a valise or a bandbox. This would serve a very good purpose for emigrants travelling westward.

None go to heaven but those who have a taste for it on earth.

YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

For the Lily.

A DREAM.

As through the land of dreams I strode,
On fancy's wings I'm sure I rode,
To some unfrequented abode,
And took a peep.

Strange sights I saw, as e'er did greet
The eyes of man—heard sounds replete
With wail and wo, while hearts did beat
A mournful dirge.
It seemed a personage had died,
While gathered friends on every side
Wept long, and loud, as swelling tide
Of ocean's surge.

This personage was Alcohol—
Who with his crimes and curses all
Had covered earth, as though a pall
Did gird her.
The mourners were a mighty train—
And first came those who furnish grain
To manufacture wholesale pain,
And murder.

Distillers next, a mighty score,
And venders too, full many more,
Together linked with those who pour
The Demon down.
Then came a host of tender age,
Just stepping on the Drunkard's stage,
Whose lives will be a darksome page
Without renown.

Loud imprecations then arose
'Gainst "all and sundry," I mean those
Who'd battled 'gainst this worst of foes
In the good fight.
On Washingtonians their rage burst, [curs'd],
While "Sons" and "Daughters" both they
With all good Temperance men who durst
Stand in the right.

But louder were their wailings when
They thought of woman's magic pen,
And how from every hill and glen
Its glory beamed.
But while they louder now did grieve,
And hearing now their bosoms heave
I 'woke, but scarcely could believe
I'd only dreamed.

From Forrester's Boys' & Girls' Magazine.

WHAT I REMEMBER.

Among the teachers of my young days, was one for whom I shall never cease to cherish the most grateful recollections. Alas! that he died before I was old enough to acknowledge the value of his judicious instructions. In the midst of his usefulness and years, he was called from his labors to return no more!

At the commencement of his first winter school in our district, how pleased we were at the plan he proposed! It was this. After deprecating the great deficiency of really useful knowledge, and the waste of time bestowed on professedly higher branches of learning, he suggested that we all obtain a journal book, and make a daily entry there of something the most important, heard during the day. He said he should occupy fifteen minutes, at least, daily, in conversation on some topic; when, perhaps, if he was not able to communicate a new idea, he might receive one from his pupils.

When I went home that night from school, this new feature was not forgotten in my account of "the first day." My parents warmly applauded the teacher's wisdom, and most willingly provided me with a blank book for the proposed entries. "It will teach you," said my mother "to put sentences together more nimbly, and perhaps show you that there are some things in the spelling-book yet to be learned."

The next day, the smooth pond was entirely

deserted by the skaters, and all were in their seats before the monitor rung the afternoon bell. Presently the teacher came in, and, with a very benignant smile, noticed our stillness and order.— After hanging up his coat, he said he should talk with us to-day about heat. "During these cold days," he continued, "we should hardly be able to study much without the heat our well filled stove supplies. Let us inquire what are some of the changes it effects? Any one may tell me."

"It limbers my boots, sir, in the morning, so that I can get them on," spoke up Tom Stevens the wearer of a very unyielding pair, of thickest leather.

"It makes the iron so that father can pound it any way," volunteered the blacksmith's son, who had evidently been a careful observer at the forge, and seen its softening influences.

"I guess it is what makes the chestnuts hop, that I and Sally put on the stove," said a little girl, who had had fun with chestnuts that way often.

"I made a balloon last summer," said one of the older boys, "and as I knew nothing about the light gasses, and did not know that heated air would rise, I fixed a sponge on a small wire, under the balloon, which, when wet with alcohol, and ignited, caused the balloon to rise with great rapidity."

These ready answers were quite interesting to us all, and seemed to gratify our teacher.

"All this," said he, "is the effect of expansion by heat; and now, if I can make the youngest understand the meaning of that word, we can go further."

He then called six little girls, and had them take hold of hands, and stand close together in a compact circle.

The little faces chuckled with glee to think that the master was using them for a dictionary. They looked with no little wonder on the great tongs heating in the crackling fire.

"Heat causes particles of air to fly away from one another. Perhaps it will have a like effect on our little friends here, who must keep hold of hands all the time. Heat causes particles of air to swell out, to widen, just as this ring of girls will, when I swing the hot tongs round in this manner. Now suppose, for a moment, you had been shut up in a nut-shell, and had shrunk away as suddenly from a hot pair of tongs, thrust into your midst where would the walls of your prison-house go to but to pieces?"

"This property of air is called Expansion."

We were all eager to have the lecture go on, it seemed so familiar and interesting. I ventured to ask how the air got into Sally's chestnuts.

"Have you ever seen a sponge, William?" said the teacher.

"Yes, sir."

"Well, if you should fill a satchel full of sponges, couldn't you get in a little water afterwards?"

"Oh! yes, sir. A great deal."

"But you had crowded your satchel full of sponges. How get in anything more?"

"There are pores, sir, in the sponge which will take in a great deal of water."

"Just so in the chestnut. It is a finer sponge, with cells innumerable, crowded full of air. An apple contains forty-eight times its own bulk of air. All of you have seen an apple roasting. You know what a continual hissing and spouting is kept up. This is the confined air escaping. Just so, the cells, which are like honey comb, are broken down, the apple loses its plumpness, and becomes flabby and fit for eating on the 'done' side."

"Is there any air in wood, sir?" asked Tom Stevens.

"Certainly. Can any one tell me which kind of wood snaps the most?"

"Pine," said one.

"Chestnut," said another.

"Hemlock," said a third.

"Now this snapping is only the escaping of air from the pores of the wood. It rushes out from the pores of the wood when heated, or—what other word have I used?"—"Expanded,"—or, when expanded, carrying that portion of

the wood immediately over the mouth of the cell exploded, which makes the brilliant we see.

"Green wood you have all observed, said snaps. Which, then, contains the more air, green or dry wood? The third class may answer."

"Father hasn't got no dry wood," said a poor little girl, on whom the teacher's eye happened to fall.

"I guess the dry wood has air, and the green wood sap, in it," said a little boy, with charcoal eyes.

"That is a good guess, and the fact. Did any one ever know air to put out fire?"

"It is necessary for combustion,—fire will not burn without it," said a scholar on the back seat, respectfully.

"How may this be proved?"

"Get a saucer or plate of water, and a flat piece of cork. Put a few drops of tallow on the cork around a small wick. Then ignite it, cover it with a tumbler. The flame will consume the oxygen of the air in the glass, about one fifth, and then go out."

"Very well indeed. A very pretty experiment, which you all can try. Air, then, such as all light wood contains an abundance of, is necessary for combustion. How is it about water,—the sap in the green wood?"

"It all goes off in steam," said one of the girls.

"So would water pour'd on to a dry wood fire," remarked the teacher.

"Father says that it is very unprofitable burning green wood at all," said the hero of the black eyes.

"Do you know why he says so?"

"He says, sir, how the sun had better dry the fuel than the fire in the stove."

"But won't it burn green? We speak of burning green wood often."

"No, sir. He says it won't burn till it gets dried somehow."

"Your father is right," said the teacher.—

"Before we finish this exercise, I must say, that heat expands everything:—water, so that it boils over; air, so that it becomes lighter, and rises swiftly through the chimney; and the blood of our bodies, so that large veins appear swollen after we have become warm through exertion. It expands iron so that the particles cling to each other with less tenacity, and becomes more easily moulded."

"We shall talk of heat again. Meantime, remember that we live to grow wiser. I hope we shall all become familiar, this winter, with many things thought to be simple, but very imperfectly understood."

So much, friends of Mark Forrester, have I drawn up from the deep, full well of my early recollections, for you. Greener spots are there nowhere, in an old man's life, than those of his early days. Visions of their innocence and joy come to him in after years, grateful as a friendly light upon the path of the weary traveller.

UNCLE HAWTHORNE.

He who sports compliments, unless he knows how to take good aim, may miss his mark, and be wounded by the recoil of his own gun.

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